Letters and Poems

By LUCY BARNS

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ERRATA

Page 8—1st stanza, 3rd line: read cherish for cheer.

Page 12 6th stanza, 4th line: read sight for fight.

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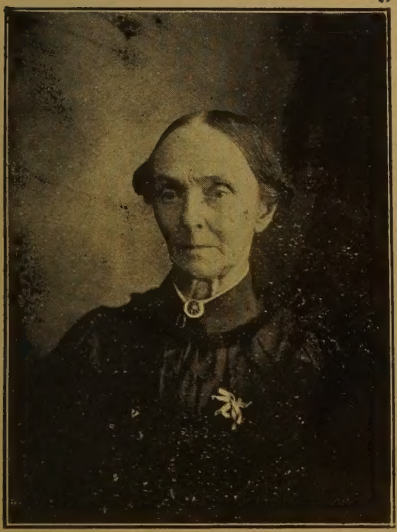
Aunty Brown.
June 1906.

LEVISA BUCK

SALLY DUNN



LUCINDA BROWN

Familiar Letters *and* Poems

Principally on Friendship and Religion.

BY LUCY BARNS.

Also some facts concerning her father, Rev. Thomas Barns, and his Descendants.

PUBLISHED BY
AUNTY BROWN,
AKRON, OHIO.

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262

These Letters and Poems, written by Miss Lucy Barns, who died (August, 1809), aged 29 years and 5 months, were collected and published after her death. There were 1,000 copies, which sold readily and were received with warm approbation by the then Universalist community. Many have acknowledged that reading the writings of Lucy Barns were the means of their conviction of the truth of Universalism.

LOVISA BARNS BUCK.

This reprint of "Letters and Poems, by Lucy Barns," is made from the only copy known to be extant. The orthography and general style of the book are followed as closely as possible. The original copy was brought to me at Pasadena, Cal., by Mrs. Sarah Lovisa Cutler, of Oakland, Cal., who placed the book in my hands for publication. Mrs. Cutler is a daughter of Mrs. Lovisa Barns Buck. The title page of the book is missing. The title appearing upon the first page is therefore adopted here.

Aunty Brown.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By Mrs. E. R. Hanson, in "Our Women Workers," Published 1882.

Lucy Barns, eldest daughter of Rev. Thomas Barns, was born in Jaffrey, New Hampshire, March 6, 1780. When a child she was sweet in disposition, gentle in deportment, but very undemonstrative, unless an opportunity presented itself by which she could serve some one, or reconcile contending parties; "and then," says the "Christian Intelligencer" of 1825, "she would wear a smile of complacency and satisfaction that was beautiful and heavenly."

Her opportunities for an education were very limited but she was an omnivorous reader, and could repeat what she read as easily as most could repeat the chit-chat of an afternoon.

Lucy made no creed profession until she was nineteen years old. At about that time her father removed to Poland, Maine, at which place a "frantic" reformation was going on. She attended the meetings, and gave all the arguments and all the warnings a most careful and respectful consideration; "for" she said, "if their explanations are correct, and this singular work is sanctioned by divine authority, I am perfectly willing to embrace Methodism." She was always interested in religious discussions, and read the Bible with great interest, but now she read verse by verse, and conscientiously considered the import of every word; but the more she read the more clearly she saw the fallacy of the popular explanations, and the more truthful seemed the doctrine that she ever lived by, and at last died believing.

As soon as it was known that Lucy had openly proclaimed that she could not put bounds to the love of God, and announced her belief in the doctrine of God's univer-

sal goodness to his children, and in the salvation of all, crowds visited her for the purpose of either driving or persuading her from that "anchor of the soul which is both sure and steadfast." Lucy had a peculiar aptitude for logical reasoning, and presented her points so persuasively, and in so amiable and loving a manner, that the most intelligent became convinced that her "weapons were not carnal but mighty," and were generous enough to say she was a "real Christian," even if she had embraced the awful doctrine of universal salvation. She had not prayed over the Scriptures for comfort alone, but for knowledge also, in receiving the one the other was added.

Her father did not disturb her travail of soul, but when she came out of the mist into the light of God's truth, he fell upon his knees and gave thanks.

Lucy's wish to do good seemed to blossom afresh after the true meaning of the Scriptures were revealed to her. She was constantly trying to impress upon the young the principles of morality, and their duty to live true Christian lives. In her conversation at all times, in her written addresses or short sermons; it was her constant aim to influence for good.

Soon after her death some of her letters, dissertations and poems were collected and printed in a pamphlet of 71 pages, entitled "The Female Christian." I have used every effort to secure one of the books, but it has been impossible. I find in the "Gospel Banner," of 1858, a review of the pamphlet by Rev. J. W. Hanson, D. D., then editor; but the book has been misplaced. I have no doubt, however, that he then gave the quotations that would be most satisfactory now. This is the first book I have been able to find written by a woman in defense of Universalism.

FAMILIAR

LETTERS AND POEMS

PRINCIPALLY ON FRIENDSHIP AND RELIGION.

To a Brother in a Poor State of Health and Absent on a Visit.

POLAND, ME., NOVEMBER 7th, 1806.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I fear you look too much upon the dark side of your situation. While there is yet room for hope, O destroy not the probability of a recovery, by the indulgence of melancholy and the fear of what may happen.

This world appears to be full of troubles, crosses and disappointments; and yet again it can boast of innumerable pleasures and delights; and not to be too much dejected by its frowns, nor too much elated by its smiles, is the noble art we ought to learn, if we have any desire to continue in it. Whenever we are disposed to weigh our troubles and difficulties, it may not be amiss to heap into the scales our blessings and comforts; and if they do not outweigh, they may possibly make an even balance.

Let sorrow and sadness be banished awhile,
Your mind be at freedom not burthen'd with toil:
You've numberless blessings to cheer you here,
Come think o'er your comforts and be of good cheer.

A home where in peace, you can safely reside,
The kindest of parents likewise to provide,
You've friends who can pity and sisters that's dear,
Reflect on these comforts and be of good cheer.

The wretch who is cast on the sea-beaten shore,
For want of those blessings must grieve and deplore;
Tho' sick or in trouble no one can appear,
With one ray of comfort, his spirit to cheer.

O see the poor exile from country and home,
'Midst unfeeling strangers condemned to roam;
How lonely his feelings, his bosom how drear,
Whilst pensive he wanders, with no friend to cheer.

O could you his silent and weary steps trace,
And witness the sorrow that saddens his face,
You might with his sufferings your own state compare
Then think yourself happy and be of good cheer.

How many poor wretches in dungeons are thrown,
From friends, light, and freedom forever to mourn,
Such troubles, dear brother, you've not yet to bear,
Then think o'er your comforts and be of good cheer.

Now view the sad soul, filled with horror and grief,
His whole mind encircled with black unbelief,
Pale, meager, distracted and raving with fear,
Not one ray of light his sad spirit can cheer.

The woes of this world appear naught in his sight,
The rack he'd endure for one glimmer of light,
In death's cold embraces he'd tranquil appear,
Rejoice in his Saviour, and be of good cheer.

While blest with the light of the gospel divine,
How trifling your sorrows, how happy your mind,
Your blessings are many; then praise and revere
The kind hand that gave them, and be of good cheer.

Your Sister and Friend in Truth,
LUCY BARNS.

To a Lady Confined with Illness.

DECEMBER 27th, 1806.

Having heard of your weak state of health, I cannot forbear sympathizing with you in your distressed situation; having labored for many years under a severe asthmatic disorder, which has reduced me to a very low state, it has taught me to feel very sensibly for the distresses of others.

'Tis a hard lot to be sick; at least to live a life of one continued scene of weakness and distress; I find it so indeed. It is very trying to the mind, as well as the body. And I find, both by observation and experience, that weakly people are often subject to melancholy and lowness of spirits, which is very injurious to health. They are too apt to look upon the dark side of their condition.

When nothing but black is presented to view, the mind is immediately surrounded with a dismal gloom, and every thing wears a melancholy appearance.

"The Sun grows pale:
"A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
"The cheerful face of nature; earth becomes
"A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above."

Oftentimes, when I take a survey of the dark side, and begin to enumerate my sorrows, I suddenly turn over the leaf, and begin to calculate upon my comforts; and find I am by no means destitute. I have a good home, and am blessed with the kindest of parents, whose love and kind attention I share, and likewise the tenderness of an affectionate brother and two kind sisters. Thus I go on adding up my blessings and comforts, till

the gloom is entirely dispelled, and balmy peace again restored to my mind, and every thing around me appears gay and cheerful.

"The bright effulgent sun
"Rising direct; swift chases from the sky
"The short-liv'd twilight, and with ardent blaze,
"Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air."
The earth a gay and lively aspect wears,
And heaven again assumes a gracious smile.

The great Creator of the Universe has alloted to every one a certain portion of misery; yet I really believe it is meant for the best; and doubt not but many things which we consider as real evils, will at last terminate for our own good.

"By love directed and in mercy meant,
"Are trials suffer'd and afflictions sent."

Happy are they who believe their sorrows end with this life: in this idea consists my greatest joy.

Whenever I contemplate upon the works of divine Providence, and behold the extensive wisdom and goodness of our Maker, which is every where displayed, and view his boundless love manifested to the world in Christ Jesus, my mind is filled with the purest delight, and inspired with a firm hope of a glorious and happy immortality.

Your Friend and Humble Servant,
LUCY BARNS.

To a Friend Professing Faith in the Gospel.

MARCH 21st, 1807.

RESPECTED FRIEND AND SISTER,

Your very agreeable favor came as welcome as unexpected to my hand, and prompted by friend-

ship, rather than the flattering idea of answering your expectations, I readily comply with your request. Numerous are the excuses and apologies (which in despite of your flattering compliments,) a conscious inferiority suggests; but as they might rather add to the length than merit of these lines, I forbear to enumerate them, and shall rely alone upon your generous candor to pardon whatever imperfections you discover in my productions.

You are pleased to congratulate me on the happiness of possessing so worthy a parent: It is a happiness surely which, with the enjoyment of a mother (not inferior in sensibility) is a blessing highly estimated indeed. And as they have ever been assiduous in training up their children "in the way they should go;" carefully instructing them in virtue, piety and the Christian religion; may they never be so ungrateful as to cause them a pang so severe as to step aside from the virtuous path in which they have directed them.

Who that but once enjoyed the pure delight,
The blessings of a virtuous mind possess'd,
Would quit such solid bliss for meaner joys,
And share the horrors of a guilty breast?

Would the Omniscient grant my humble prayer,
This noble blessing I would e'er possess,
Then consolation would be ever mine,
Tho' health forsake and poverty oppress.

Tho' sickness blasts my hopes of earthly bliss,
And sinks my feeble frame extremely low
My soul on high ascends and mounts the throne,
Where joys unnumbered from our Maker flow.

O boundless love! O fount of every joy,
That does the fainting hearts of mortals cheer;
Which mild descends like refreshing shower,
And blesses all within this lowly sphere.

Who that beholds such goodness in a God,
Whose mighty power is equally as great,
Can say in woe he'll leave our precious soul,
To mourn eternally its wretched state?

Who that believe millions of human souls
Must groan and pine in endless misery,
(Tho' of his own eternal bliss secure)
Has enter'd into rest and liberty?

Tho' rest like this thousands may satisfy;
My soul such happiness disdains to love,
And fain would share that mis'ry with my friends,
Than share without them, endless bliss above.

That tender sympathy that binds the hearts
Of friends, and makes them feel each others pain,
Forbids the joy of hope or happiness,
Whilst they in sorrow and distress remain.

What would avail to me the joys of heaven,
And all the splendor of the golden coast,
If I must know millions of human souls
In mis'ry groan and are forever lost.

To say that God will reconcile the mind
To look on human mis'ry with delight,
Would charge his Son (in whom no sin was found)
With guilt, who wept when he beheld the fight.

Is heaven a place of unalloyed bliss,
Then all mankind must have a seat therein,
Be blest in Christ, and reconcil'd to God,
And not one soul be doom'd to endless pain.

There are some who cannot be persuaded of the truth of the universal restoration on account of the wickedness that prevails amongst mankind; and the heavy judgments and awful destructions threatened upon the disobedient. "As by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." And as "the gift of God is eternal life,

through Jesus Christ," may we not justly believe that "where sin abounds, grace does much more abound." I know the judgment of God, may often appear to the eyes of our weak understanding to proceed from wrath and indignation. Yet when the veil of ignorance is withdrawn, we behold his severest chastisements flowing from a fountain of the purest love, and executed in the tenderest mercy for the real good of his disobedient children. And may we not with propriety believe that he who created and "worketh all things after the council of his own will," intends them all for good? And that he will finally, "reconcile all things to himself through Jesus Christ?" And as it is his will that all mankind shall be "saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth;" may we not also, believe the time will come when "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, crying nor pain;" and that consequently every individual of the human race will at last be crowned with immortal happiness and glory?

I have not a convenient opportunity to furnish you with any more of my ideas at present, but if kind Providence will permit, I will ere long, write to you again.

Rejoicing that you are blest with a view of the gospel light; and praying that this blessing may ever be continued to you, which is the best consolation and support amidst the various trying scenes of this life, and the surest foundation of our hopes of immortal happiness in the next; I close this letter and bid you adieu for the present.

Your Friend and Sister,

LUCY BARNS.

To the Same.

MAY 23d, 1807.

RESPECTED FRIEND,

I have received your very welcome letter, bearing date 24th of April. Your generous approbation of mine of the 21st of March was very gratifying: but however much you were pleased with the ideas exhibited in mine, you may be assured that yours were no less pleasing to me.

"How sweet the intercourse," where hearts agree;
"Thought meeting thought," in perfect harmony:
Whilst here our hearts agree in truth and love,
We share, in part, the bliss of saints above.

You judged right concerning those few lines of poetry you transcribed in your letter; for I never before saw them. I think them very excellent; the ideas contained in them most sensibly touched my mind, and occasioned the following reflections, which I have endeavored to put into metre, as you profess to be fond of my poetical scribblings.

Could we, by works, salvation gain,
We should not then a Savior need,
Thus God, to free our souls from pain,
Would ne'er have doom'd his Son to bleed.

When once men sought eternal life,
By strictly keeping God's command;
Alas, how vain was all their strife,
For by his law not one could stand.

Would he who falsehood ever scorn'd
And is forever true and just,
A better cov'nant say he'd form'd,
If 'twas no better than the first?

But yet the veil beclouds the face
Of some, that they cannot behold
This blessed covenant of grace,
Thus seek redemption by the old.

Tho' free salvation's given to man,
Finish'd ensur'd ; yet vain conceit,
Makes him believe Jehovah's plan,
Without man's help can't be complete.

Thus eagerly pursues his toil,
To finish what's already done,
And tho' his works and plans are vile,
Still thinks them right and still goes on.

But when their worthless works are tried,
And are consum'd and done away,
In God's salvation will confide,
And bless its true unbounded sway.

The idea that people are right in their sentiments, if they are sincere and believe they are right, is quite new to me. Indeed I do not recollect that I ever heard of any one's holding up so inconsistent an idea, until you remarked it to me in your letter. That charity is a very valuable and necessary qualification for a Christian, and is one of the brightest virtues that ever adorned the human heart, is very evident both from scripture and experience. St. Paul says, "Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." Altho' charity is so highly spoken of, and also "bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, and enduring all things ;" yet surely it cannot extend so far as to make a falsehood a truth, or render the believing a lie justifiable.

There are various opinions amongst mankind, and it would not be charitable to censure or condemn those who think differently from ourselves. And as the time has not yet come when *all* shall know the Lord, and bow the knee to the only true God, supposing some (as in former times) should "form to themselves an image made like to corruptible man," and worship the same, and should really believe they were worshiping the true God, charity will not suffer us to accuse them of willful idolatry, though reason and truth both conspire to testify that they are wrong; and also sheweth to us that they are likewise truly miserable: For, "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Enter into their places of worship, and behold, sorrow and sadness reigns, and every countenance wears a gloomy and deathlike appearance. Observe their continual doubts and apprehensions; do they not betoken unbelief? Did they possess the knowledge of that truth, by which we are made free, and understand the only true "way," would they not, instead of pain and disquietude, enjoy peace and rest in their souls? Happy would it be for these distressed people, could they but hearken to the kind and affectionate invitation of our dear Savior, who saith, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Although we cannot say, in truth that these people are right; any farther than that,

"every way of a man is right in his own eyes," yet charity demands that we commiserate them, and pray without ceasing that the Lord may be pleased to open their eyes, and shew them his marvellous light, that they may know that Christ is the only way, the truth and the life.

But yet these people *think* they are right, and seem to be sincere; and will seldom allow those whose sentiments and mode of worship differ from theirs, to possess any religion; particularly the Universalists. The *mere belief* that all mankind will be saved, is sufficient in their estimation, to sentence a person to endless perdition. And I cannot forbear remarking that at a time when I was thought to be dangerously sick, one of this class of people prophesied that, if I quit this world in my then present state of mind, I should not make a very happy change. Then it was I said in my heart, with St. Paul, "Yea, let God be true, but every man a liar." It cannot be amiss to cast a veil of charity over each others imperfections, seeing we are all prone to evil, and are subject to various infirmities. "There is none righteous,, no not one." But "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Then what love and gratitude do we owe *Him* who whilst we are yet sinners, and without strength, and destitute of righteousness, died for us, and clothed us in the pure and unspotted garments of his own righteousness, which, may God grant, we may all fully wear, and never more suffer us to attempt to establish our own, which is reckoned nothing or no better than filthy rags.

I greatly rejoice to hear of your returning

health, and hope this great blessing may long be continued to you. I have no hopes of ever enjoying it myself. The asthmatic complaint, which I have ever been afflicted with from infancy, has very much impaired my constitution and therefore renders vain all hopes of relief. It has been my lot to pass through many distressing scenes of sickness, yet it has pleased God, who watches over his tender offspring with kind paternal care, to favor me with that fortitude of mind, by which I have been enabled for the most part, to endure my afflictions with patience. I think I have great cause to rejoice that he has not suffered me to sink, totally depressed, beneath the weight of my calamity; and that while I entertain an idea that my stay is short in this present world, it has given me a firm and consolatory hope that I shall find a better and more glorious one in the next.

I should be exceeding happy to receive another letter from you; tho' 'tis uncertain whether I shall be able to write to you again very soon if ever. That you may ever remain steadfast in the faith, and continue to walk in the "straight and narrow way," is the fervent prayer of your affectionate friend and sister, LUCY BARNS.

To an Intimate Acquaintance, Residing in the Same Neighborhood.

POLAND, MAY 1, 1807.

I cannot have an opportunity of seeing, and freely conversing with you so often as I could wish, I deem it a great favor that I am able to

employ my pen, hoping, by this means to introduce a little conversation with you, altho' at a distance. What a fine privilege it is that we are blest with the art of communicating our thoughts to each other however far we are separated. This noble art so useful as well as pleasing to mankind, I seriously think is not sufficiently encouraged and improved in general. Parents and children, brothers and sisters cannot always live together; and how often are they separated hundreds of miles from each other; and by experience, soon taught the inestimable worth of this grand art, and the disadvantages of not timely improving it.

Friends and relations, who are placed by fate,
Far from each other, by this precious Art,
With ease and pleasure can communicate
All the fond wishes of a faithful heart.

The mother, with her darling, doom'd to part,
Mourning her loss, to fate unreconcil'd;
With transport reads and presses to her heart
The soothing lines, penn'd by her absent child.

The tender husband absent long from home,
Exploring distant Isles, in quest of wealth,
By this fine art while at some peaceful dome,
Informs his anxious partner of his health.

The doating lover, whom hard fate prevents
From seeing oft the object of his love,
Resumes his pen, and to his fair presents
The tender feelings which his bosom move.

The mourning nymph seeks comfort in this Art,
Forsaken by her swain, base and untrue;
Thus she upbraids his false and cruel heart;
With trembling hand imprints her last adieu.

Strangers can form acquaintance and converse,
Thousands of miles apart tho' they reside ;
Things to each other can their minds rehearse,
Tho' separated by the ocean wide.

An absent friend, fraught with a faithful heart,
Peruses with delight a friendly line ;
Then why should we neglect this noble Art,
Which use and pleasure does at once combine.

I flatter myself that my song, though simple, will be some encouragement to you to improve yourself in the art of letter writing, and hope you will not fail to favor me now and then with a specimen of your skill. As I am unable to go abroad, a letter from you would afford me much pleasure and amusement. Yours in truth,

LUCY BARNS.

To the Same.

JULY, 1, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Please to accept my grateful acknowledgements for your friendly attention to me of late. Various are the blessings bestowed on us in this life ; among which, friendship has ever been esteemed one of the greatest. And whatever sorrows assail the heart, or however great the pleasures which await us here, the sweet and soothing voice of friendship can calm and mitigate the one, and by its exhilirating charms, enhance the value of the other. But when by reason of sickness, we are deprived of almost every enjoyment which can render life agreeable, it is then we truly know how to value its pleasing charms ; and experience in

the affection and kind attention of our friends, an alleviation of our ills.

Now is the season for culling flowers; and I could wish to collect, and transplant into my mind some of every sort which can afford a moment's pleasure, or can possibly contribute to sweeten and temper the sorrows and difficulties of this life. Amongst which, I shall take the liberty to rank the flower of friendship, which is the fair growth of your worthy and affectionate heart; in the cultivation of which, I anticipate much pleasure and satisfaction. But whilst gleaning in every garden, from whence the flowers of consolation may be derived, I do not forget that affectionate regard and kind attention of my other friends and neighbors, manifested towards me during the many distressing scenes of sickness I have experienced in this place: but the pleasing contemplation of their benevolence, ever has been and still continues to be, a source of great consolation to me. And as it will never be in my power to repay them, nor any of my friends for their kindness to me, I hope they will rest satisfied that they are in full possession of my unfeigned and lasting gratitude, and that they have my earnest prayers that they may receive their recompense from Him, who has promised a rich reward to those who are kind to the sick and needy.

But what contributes most to my felicity in this world, is a firm and steady hope of possessing eternal and unalloyed happiness in the next. Doubtless, I am considered by many, as one possessing no religion; 'tis true I never made a public profession of any, for I would rather enjoy its pure

and simple sweets in my breast, with the applause of my own conscience, than gain by its ostentatious show in public, a great name among the Christian societies. I would not be tho't to speak diminutively of those who make great professions of religion, and are constant attendants upon public worship. But I could wish that every one was sensible, that going to meeting is but a small portion of the duty of a Christian. We go to meeting to receive instruction, to hear the principles of religion explained, and to hear and speak the praises of the benevolent author of the same. But it is in private that we can best practice those principles and exercise those Christian duties which are really incumbent on us. And what greater praise can we bestow upon our Heavenly Father than a resignation to his holy will and pleasure, obedient to his precepts, and a constant assiduity to imitate his glorious perfections?

Think not that I wish to infuse into your mind, my principles of religion; as I have only written thus that you may know I have my serious thoughts upon that important subject. It is of but little consequence to me what people believe, provided they walk uprightly, and are contented and happy in the enjoyment of their sentiments. I can add no more than that. I am yours truly,

LUCY BARNS.

To Miss ——— Barns, Vermont.

POLAND, FEBRUARY 26, 1809.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I promised to write to you by Mr. Bradbury, but the melancholy that pervades my mind, occasioned by the loss of my dear and only brother, who departed this life on the 6th inst. renders me quite unfit for writing: particularly to one in the height of happiness, and this world's enjoyments.

But although you are yet very young, and never tasted much of sorrow, yet I doubt not you have a heart capable of sympathizing with the afflicted, and can weep with them that weep, as well as to rejoice with those that rejoice. Vain and fleeting are even the best enjoyments of this life; and though happy now, you know not how soon the scene may be reversed. Yet think not that I wish to interrupt your felicity by filling your mind with terrors, as I only wish to have you reflect a little seriously on the difficulties and trials which await us here; for if we are too much elated with the smiles of Providence, we shall be liable, also, to be too much depressed with its frowns; and surely it cannot much diminish the present enjoyments and pleasures of this life, to think enough of its sorrows and disappointments, to prepare our minds for their reception when they approach, that we may be enabled to bear them with patience and Christian fortitude and not be sunk down, as many are, by their too unexpected and sudden appearance.

"A noble fortitude in ills, delights
"Heaven, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace."

The idea of leaving this world is too apt to fill the mind with gloomy reflections; but why should we be terrified at the thoughts of death? Surely we cannot wish to live always in this world. Not even the happiest situation we can conceive of in this life, can induce us to form a desire to continue always in it; for even then we should be tired of life, and acknowledge with the poet, that

"Death is the privilege of human nature,
"And life without it, were not worth possessing;
"Thither the poor, the pris'ner and the mourner
"Fly for relief; and lay their burdens down."

There are but few, perhaps of my age, who have passed through so many distressing scenes of sickness as I have. But "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb:" and I am ready to acknowledge with gratitude to Him who is the giver of every good, that the loss of my health has been abundantly made up in the enjoyments of the mind; so that my blessings and comforts have been equal if not superior to my afflictions; and though I mourn the loss of beloved friends and relatives, yet I mourn not without consolation, knowing that He, who is "Lord both of the dead and the living," is good to all, and that his tender mercies are over all the works of his hands.

I desire you will be so good as to present my grateful respects to your honor'd Parents, and assure your brothers and sisters, they have a share in my remembrance and sincere affection. I flatter myself that they, as well as yourself, will be generous enough to write to me the first opportunity, and thus oblige your truly affectionate friend and cousin, LUCY BARNS.

To a Friend who Could not Believe in the Final Holiness and Happiness of all Mankind.

APRIL, 1809.

HONORED MADAM,

I must humbly beg your pardon for thus presuming to address you by letter; which I hope and trust your goodness will not fail to grant. As I have not a convenient opportunity for verbal conversation, and have long wished to converse with you on a subject of the greatest importance that ever occupied the human mind: which is the doctrine of endless misery. As we do not understand the scriptures alike, and being too feeble to write lengthy, I shall not attempt to quote much scripture, but will endeavor to take reason for my guide. I suppose it appears very strange and mysterious to you, that I should believe all mankind, without exceptions, are equally the objects of God's tender love, and kind paternal care; and that they will continue to share the unbounded love and goodness of their Maker as long as they have an existence, when the scriptures abound with so many bitter curses and severe judgments (which you suppose implies a state of endless misery) pronounced against the wicked and disobedient part of mankind. But when you are truly informed of my reasons for believing thus, possibly you may entertain a more favorable opinion of my sentiments.

The scriptures declare that God is love, that he is a good Being, that he is no respecter of persons,

but is good to all, and that his tender mercies are over all his works; and that he has all power in his own hand, and worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. All nature, likewise, proclaims aloud this blessed and divine truth, and also bespeaks his wisdom to be infinite. He kindly condescends to call us his children, and permits us to address him by the endearing appellation of Father! Is it possible that so good, so kind and loving a Father can punish his tender and beloved offspring with the most exquisite misery, to the endless ages of eternity, for their disobedience to him, and even for the most trivial faults? Can it be supposed that so wise and powerful a Being, is under the necessity of punishing with endless misery, in order to secure the peace and honor of his government? If the infinite goodness of our heavenly Father is sufficient to inspire him with a wish to make all his children perfectly and eternally holy and happy, is not his infinite wisdom sufficient to form a plan for the completion of his wishes? and his infinite power sufficient to execute that divine purpose: that he might not be eternally disappointed and frustrated in so benevolent a wish? I suppose you are now ready to tell me it is time to drop this subject, and to speak of the justice, severity and vengeance of our heavenly Father; and to consider his right and his power to punish us as he pleases. But I do not dispute his power nor his right to punish the disobedient with endless misery, but it is his will or inclination to do it which I dispute. Neither do I think there is a single passage of scripture, which represents a

state of endless woe. Though I know the chastisements of the Almighty are very severe, "vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord, and the curses and judgments threatened against the disobedient, are great indeed—therefore it behooves us all to be good and obedient children lest they fall upon us. For I think it is not inconsistent with the divine love of our universal Parent, to chastise the transgressors of his law sufficiently to subdue their hardened hearts and stubborn will, and to subject them to his holy government. But can justice require more? Certainly not. But on the contrary, whatever punishment is inflicted, after they are completely humbled and subdued, in my estimation, may justly be termed cruelty and revenge. And shall we presume to impute those hateful passions to the Almighty, which he himself has taught us to despise in each other and which we absolutely abhor even in a savage, who is not contented merely with the death of his enemy, but puts him to the most cruel death which malice and revenge can possibly invent, roasting him alive in such a moderate manner, as to prolong his life and misery to the utmost extent of his power. But what is that when compared with endless misery? You are a mother, and doubtless possessed of as tender feelings as ever warmed the heart of a parent: and was I to say that you could with pleasure behold your children punished with such exquisite misery, even for an age, you would think that I was either beside myself, or entertained a most unjust opinion of you. But if you could not endure the sight but for one age, what reason have you to suppose that

the tenderest, most loving and best of fathers could endure the shocking scene to endless ages of eternity: But perhaps you will say that those who are to suffer thus, are not the offspring of God, but the children of the devil. I know the wicked on account of their disobedience are called the children of the wicked one; but if they are so in reality, we cannot reasonably expect they will be punished so severely, for being too obedient to their father Satan, as children are in duty bound to honor and obey their parents, even by a command from the great Eternal himself. It is said that sinners justly merit endless punishment, because they sin against an infinite law, &c. But surely the Almighty knew, before he created them, that they would sin against him, and likewise what punishment they would merit. Then was it an act of love, justice or wisdom in him to force into existence millions of human beings, whom he absolutely knew would transgress his law, and thereby incur his displeasure, and necessitate him to make them eternally miserable? Had he provided a thousand Saviors for them, and given them a thousand times better chance to escape that dreadful place of misery, what would it avail them? For is it possible for them to avoid what the all wise God absolutely knows will happen to them? Now if a Being of infinite love, justice and tender mercy, and a kind benevolent father could do such a thing, is it possible for us to conceive what a being of infinite hatred and revenge would do? It is believed by many, that the parable of the rich man and Lazarus is a real description of heaven and hell, and that it evidently sets forth the misery

of those who are damned, roasting in flames of fire, and begging for water, even for one drop to mitigate their sufferings, whilst those in heaven must incessantly behold their distress, and hear their groans and cries, and dreadful lamentations to all eternity without having the power to relieve them. If that is really the case, what person is there who possesses any real love for his fellow creatures, who would not much rather be annihilated, and be as though he never had been, than go to such a heaven !

> What would avail to me the joys of heaven,
> And all the splendor of the golden coast :
> If I must know millions of human souls
> In mis'ry groan, and are forever lost.

But I cannot believe that such a place of misery ever did exist, or ever will, until there is a change wrought in the Almighty himself, and we behold the great wheel of nature rolling backwards ! We are told that when we go to heaven, we shall there behold the justice of God so plain in the eternal condemnation of the ungodly, that we shall finally rejoice in their misery ; if so, why are not the saints here on earth, now rejoicing in it, who profess to be born of the spirit of the ever living and true God, and to know their Master's will, and to obey it ? and who fancy they have met with all the change they ever shall see ; as they suppose no one will ever be changed after death, but surely they must meet with a much greater change, than they ever yet have experienced, to *endure* much more to behold with pleasure, such a shocking scene to all eternity. Various indeed are all the arguments which might be produced from scripture as well as

reason, to prove the final restitution of all mankind to their former state of purity and holiness, since the Lord hath spoken of it by the mouth of all his holy Prophets since the world began. But I have already written more than I intended, I therefore conclude, and am, with the utmost respect and esteem,

Your Friend and very Humble Servant,
LUCY BARNS.

To a Young Believer in Universal Salvation.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE FAITH,

As it has pleased the Father of mercies, to make known unto you the mystery of his will, and to call your mind from the dark shades of anguish and despair, into his marvellous light, and from the galling yoke of bondage, into the glorious liberty of the gospel, I hope and trust you will not be ungrateful to him for this greatest and best of heaven's blessings. May you "stand fast in the liberty wherewith the Christ hath made you free," and also be careful to keep in mind the glorious exhortation of St. Paul, not to "use liberty for an occasion to the flesh;" but rather let your light so shine that others may behold your good works and glorify our heavenly Father. The all wise parent of the universe has been liberal of his gifts to you, and bestowed on you a mind capable of receiving knowledge and instruction. Slight not this noble gift so far, as to suffer your mind to sink degenerated and depraved with vice, and with the follies and vanities of this world; neither like the slothful servant, bury your talent in the earth, but at-

tend carefully to the voice of instruction: cultivate your mind, improve your talents, that you may be better enabled to perform those good works, which are not only "good and profitable unto men," but necessary to your own peace and happiness.

He who possesses a well cultivated and virtuous mind, enlightened by the cheering rays of the gospel of our dear Lord and Savior, enjoys an everlasting source of happiness within himself. Though surrounded by misfortunes, he hardly feels the weight of their afflictions, and though adversity aims her cruel shafts at his heart, the sting is scarcely perceptible. When by the cruel machinations of the wicked, he is deprived of liberty and thrown into the most dark and solitary dungeon, he there enjoys company, light and freedom. Though health and fortune forsake him, he still possesses an inexhaustible fund of riches, and his consolation remains unbounded; and though death, with all his horrors stares him in the face, he is not affrighted, but bids a sincere welcome to the grim monster, and cheerfully resigns his immortal soul into the hands of his God. Therefore my friend seek wisdom; and remember that Solomon says "she is of more value than rubies," and that "she will bring thee to honor when thou dost embrace her."

Praying that health and peace may attend you through life, and that you may become not only an ornament, but a useful member of society, I conclude; and be assured these wishes flow from a heart filled with friendship toward you, though to appearance just trembling on the verge of eternity.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ: to whom be glory forever and ever. Farewell,

LUCY BARNS.

To an Aged Lady, Lately Brought into the Liberty of the Gospel.

POLAND, MAY 17. 1809.

HONORED MADAM,

Your daughter having informed me of the recent happy change in your mind, and having expressed a desire that I would write to you; with that respect and veneration due to your superior age and understanding, I humbly comply with her request. Although personally unknown, yet it is matter of great rejoicing to me to hear of your great faith in the gospel of Christ, which is so very essential to our peace and happiness. I not only rejoice with you that your mind is thus liberated from the bondage of the law, and brought into the glorious liberty of the gospel: but also pray to God that you may "stand fast in this liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free."

Being myself trained up in the principles of Christianity, by the kind care and attention of the best of parents, and with the assistance of divine revelation and the blessing of the most High, early instructed in that perfect love of God, which

casteth out fear ; I never yet experienced any of those dreadful apprehensions and fears of a state of endless misery, which I think must be occasioned by false doctrines : Yet I cannot conceive of a more wretched state of mind, than for a person to be doubtful of the salvation of his immortal soul : Neither do I believe a person who possesses any real love for his fellow creatures, can possibly be happy, when he considers the many millions that inhabit this vast globe, whilst he believes the greater part of them must be miserable to all eternity ! ! But O, what joy and gladness possess our hearts, what peace and rest pervade our minds, when we view not only our own salvation complete and sure through the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, but also behold all nations, kindreds and tongues perfectly blessed in him, "who gave himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time."

And what love and gratitude, what praise and adoration we owe to God, who hath bestowed this great blessing on poor lost man, and hath given us this knowledge of himself, and this faith in his goodness, that we are enabled to say with the apostle, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, is able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

What a blessing and consolation it is, that we have this confidence in God, (of whom it is said it is impossible he should lie) that we can behold with the eye of faith, the perfect fulfillment of all his gracious promises. The dumb shall sing, the

lame man leap as an hart, the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the eyes of the blind opened, and all shall shout forth the praise of their great Physician who makes them whole. Those who are bowed down, and groaning beneath the weight of sin and guilt, shall be delivered from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. And all those who have enlisted themselves under the banners of Satan, and are led captive by him at his will, shall be released from their wretched captivity, by Him who taketh away the captive from the mighty, and delivereth the prey of the terrible and leadeth captivity captive. It is likewise matter of consolation to us, to know that all those who trust in themselves, that they are righteous and daily give thanks to God, that they are not as other poor sinners are, shall be convinced of their own sins and wickedness, "their haughtiness be brought down and their pride laid low," that they shall no more vaunt over sinners, condemning them to endless misery, for whom our Saviour spilt his precious blood. Neither shall they any more despise and deride those who espouse the sinner's cause; testifying (as the scripture saith) "that in due time Christ died for the ungodly," and that "he *shall* see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied."

Although the scriptures positively testify that Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, yet how often do we hear the awful curses of that law, brought up as a proof against the salvation of sinners; but thanks be to our heavenly Father, the law is not against the promises contained in the gospel for their eter-

nal life and salvation: neither can it disannul the covenant which God confirmed unto Abraham 430 years before the law took place, that in his seed all the nations and families of the earth should be blessed.

I know the punishments and chastisements of the Almighty for sin and wickedness, are very severe; but although our heavenly Father visits our transgressions with a rod, and our iniquities with stripes, yet St. Paul tells us he doth not (as our earthly parents have done) chasten us after his own pleasure but for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness.

With regard to my health it is very low indeed. I am not able to walk out of my room, nor to sit up but a few moments at a time: so that I have been many days in writing these lines: but although they are penn'd by a feeble hand, yet, through the grace of God, they proceed from a heart strong in faith, though on the verge of eternity.

My Ma'am sends her sincere respects to you, and would be very happy to wait on you here, and should it please the Almighty to spare my life yet a little longer, I should be happy to see you.

Praying that every blessing may attend you that can possibly render the winter of life agreeable, I conclude, and am with due respect your most affectionate friend, and very humble servant,

LUCY BARNS.

FRIENDSHIP.

Addressed to an Intimate Friend.

Hail friendship, thou heaven born bliss,
So rare to be found in our sphere,
Thy worth my whole soul shall confess,
Till reason shall quite disappear.

How happy that person must be,
Who feels all thy sweets in his breast,
Whose heart's from malevolence free,
His soul will be sure to find rest.

How does he thy beauties extol,
His prayers unto God never cease,
That he would bestow upon all
The blessings of friendship and peace.

In sorrow, affliction and woe,
He flies to a friend for relief;
Who quickly assistance will show
In sharing a part of his grief.

A friend that is true and sincere
In trouble will never forsake,
But hastens to wipe off the tear,
Or with us our sorrows partake.

No pleasure can ever be found
Where friendship and love are restrain'd,
Where envy and strife do abound,
And hatred is ever maintain'd.

How durst the fierce tyrant invade
And seek purest love to destroy;
How can he true friendship degrade,
And strive to suppress all its joy.

While Polly does friendly appear,
One whispers, and says, pray beware,
For Polly is false I do fear,
She only intends to ensnare.

But how can I ever distrust,
The heart of a friend that's so dear,
Or think that suspicion is just
While Polly does constant appear.

That person is never content,
Whose heart does true friendship detest,
But ever will sigh and lament,
When others with friendship are blest.

He's constantly striving to break,
The ties of true friendship in twain,
No comfort, or ease can he take
Until his base end he can gain.

If e'er he completes his design,
When peace and true friendship are flown
He views with great pleasure his crime,
And laughs at the mischief he's done.

But, Polly, pray let us forbear
To mind what vile enemies say,
In friendship we will persevere,
And may we from virtue ne'er stray.

We ne'er can of happiness share
Where friendship is not to be found,
No blessing can with it compare,
Then let us its praises resound.

OBSERVATIONS ON SPRING.

To Mrs. Waite.

The sky is clear, the air serene,
And Spring presents a charming scene,
The snow is fled, the ground is bare,
And I can ramble here and there:
Behold me on a pleasant hill,
Viewing below the purling rill,
The little shrubs, the stately pine,
And sturdy hemlocks, how sublime.

Here the majestic crow, with ease,
Sails o'er the hills and lofty trees,
Whilst the delightsome vale resounds,
Unto his wild untutored sounds;
Could I but fly as well as he,
I'd spread my wings and fly to thee.
Behold, Jehovah hath display'd
Wisdom in all which he hath made,
Therefore hath given in his wise plan
Swiftness to birds, reason to man.
Thus equally he distributes
His gifts to man, birds, beasts and brutes;
Whilst every one doth justly share
His kind attention, love and care.
Why should one wish the whole to grasp,
Of their just right rob all the rest,
From nought but folly could proceed
This wish, which selfish is indeed.

Upon mankind the all wise God,
Different talents hath bestowed;
To some hath given truth and light,
Others inherent power and might;

With virtue some he doth adorn,
Some shine in wit's enchanting form ;
Thus in a great or less degree,
Those blessings he bestoweth free :
No good there is on us bestow'd,
But what is from our Maker God.
Why should the virtuous man repine
Because in wit he cannot shine?
Why should the wit the fool despise ?
'Tis God that maketh him more wise.

Thus we behold 'tis surely vain,
To wish for what we can't obtain :
'Tis wicked also to despise
The fool, because he is not wise :
The wise, the virtuous and the wit would fall,
Had not our Maker tender love for all.

The Following Lines were Occasioned by the Sudden Change of the Weather in May 1803.

Alas, what now can Poets say,
Of beautiful and pleasant May ?
Who have so often tun'd their lays
To speak its beauties and its praise.

The verd'rous fields and blooming groves,
The chirping birds and turtle doves,
The meadows decked with flowers gay,
And silver streams that careless stray :

The lowing herds, the bleating flocks,
And lambs that skip it on the rocks,
The joyful shepherds who are seen,
With lasses, dancing on the green.

All this and more we've heard them sing,
Of this delightsome month of Spring;
But different prospects now appear,
Another song salutes the ear.

The pleasant fields are wrapt in white,
Their verdure veiled from our sight;
The woods are left quite desolate,
Whose boughs are bending 'neath their weight.

No more we hear the chirping birds:
The bleating flocks and lowing herds
Are now no more in pastures seen,
Nor shepherds dancing on the green.

Such is the song we hear today,
Which is the ninth of pleasant May;
But when these prospects disappear,
A better song we hope to hear.

Thus happy whilst we glide along,
Heedless of sorrow's wint'ry storm,
Then comes misfortune's chilling frost,
The buds of joy and hope to blast.

But tho' our pleasures are cut down,
By disappointment's cruel frown,
Yet let us hope they'll bloom again,
And flourish like the flowers of Spring.

FRIENDSHIP.

What pleasures can friendship impart,
What balm in its virtues we find,
What transport it yields to the heart.
What joy and content to the mind.

The trav'ler fatigu'd and forlorn,
Thro' deserts and wilds forc'd to stray,
For friendship's endearments does mourn,
To comfort his desolate way.

When sickness and trouble appears,
And grief like a shower descends,
How soothing the pitying tears
That flow from a loving kind friend.

No mis'ry so sharp and severe,
But friendship's sweet soothing can calm ;
Nor pleasure so great nor so rare,
But friendship can heighten its charms.

Ye comfortless mourners attend,
Your sorrows and weeping give o'er,
Look up to your heavenly friend,
Be happy in him evermore.

His friendship is firm as the Rock,
Which nothing is able to move ;
His mercy, there's nothing can shock,
Unbounded his goodness and love.

The wretched and poor he befriends,
The sick and distress'd are his care,
He pities your grief and descends,
Himself your afflictions to bear.

"Come lean on your Jesus" he cries,
"My life for your sakes I have given,
"That you in true glory may rise,
"And taste the enjoyments of heaven."

Rejoice, ye dishearten'd rejoice,
Young, old, rich and poor, high and low,
To Jesus our Friend lift your voice,
And on him your praises bestow.

While foes, he then prov'd our true friend,
Tho' rich, for our sakes became poor;
His friendship to all does extend;
We'll praise his dear name evermore.

To Those who Say if the Doctrine of Universal Salvation is True, There is no Need of Preaching nor Attending Public Worship; and that if They were Sure They Should be Saved and be Happy in Another World They Would Commit all the Sin They Possibly Could in This.

If God, salvation does extend
To but a few of Adam's race,
And all the rest to mis'ry send,
You'd praise his name, adore his grace.

No sacrifice you'd deem too great
To win his smiles, procure his love,
And gain an everlasting seat,
With him in shining realms above.

O God, how boundless is thy grace
To save thy little chosen few;
Come all ye earth shout forth his praise,
To him eternal glory's due.

Let every soul revere his name
And humbly worship at his feet
This evermore would be thy theme
Till called to take thy heavenly seat.

Now friend, survey thy narrow heart,
Examine thy contracted soul;
No praise to God could'st thou impart,
Were he to save and bless the whole.

No praise to such a God is due,
No glory ought to him be given,
Who lets the Gentile and the Jew
Both share alike the joys of heaven.

Who lets the vile, his goodness share,
Sets the distressed pris'ners free,
Who long in Satan's galling snare,
Have groan'd and pin'd in misery.

Who pardons his invet'rate foe
Requites his evil deeds with love;
And smiles on everything below,
And all beneath and all above.

Who doth his precious gifts impart
To good and bad, to rich and poor,
But such a God, thy selfish heart
Can ne'er permit thee to adore.

No—thine must be a God, whose grace
Extends to but a little few;
Who from the Gentile veils his face,
And smiles alone upon the Jew.

Who lets the wretched pris'ners lie
In chains a long eternity!
Whose shrieks and groans and piercing cry,
Afford him pure felicity!

Who wreaks his vengeance on his foe,
Tortures his soul with anguish keen,

Sports with his grief, smiles at his woe,
With barb'rous rage and hateful spleen.

This is the God, whom thou alone
Can worship, love, serve and adore,
And call on earth's remotest bound
To shout his praise forever more.

Go on, and worship as you please,
Thy God, since thou art so inclin'd
To hate him, and his gifts abuse,
Were he more merciful and kind.

But may my soul delight to praise
A God who hath his foes forgiven,
Whose boundless and impartial grace
Extends to all in earth and heaven.

Tho' sin and guilt he doth correct,
Yet no revenge in him is found ;
Then may we all his laws respect,
His will obey, his praise resound.

To a Friend Who Could not Believe in the Universal Restoration, on Account of the Wickedness which Prevails Among Mankind.

Why does God suffer sin to be,
Since he himself does it despise
But if we never evil see,
How could we know the good to prize ?

Could we on earth have perfect bliss,
Did nought prevail but peace and love,
No sin nor strife, nor wickedness,
Who would aspire to bliss above ?

Nathaniel could you wish to roam,
To foreign lands or cross the sea
For happiness, when you at home
Possess'd her treasures perfectly?

Think not the wicked I'll defend,
Yet who can say that you or I
Are formed for a nobler end,
Or greater glory from on high?

Would God his government give o'er
To you and me, that we might reign,
All should be righteous, and no more
Should sin and Satan here remain.

But Satan soon should banish'd be
For evermore from off the land;
Sickness and death, and misery
Should also flee at our command.

Thus we should rule; but shall we say
Less righteous is Jehovah's plan,
Or he less wisdom does display,
Because the whole we cannot scan?

May not great imperfection rule,
And wickedness in our weak sight;
And yet with Him who grasps the whole
Be all things perfect, just and right?

The pois'nous serpent we disdain,
Whose sting to us would fatal prove;
Yet shall we say he's made in vain
Or shares not of his Maker's love?

What we deem evil here below,
God may for good the same design'd
Like him then love and bless your foe,
And mercy shew to all mankind.

Reply to a Satyrical Poem, Entitled "Universalism Indeed."

Answer a fool not according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him. *Prov. xxxvi, 4.*

Behold the vanity of foolishness,
Which are in these vain arguments express'd,
That children must their parents disregard,
Because from them they hope a rich reward.

How inconsistent would it be to say
I will my parents mock and disobey;
Because to me they have been kind and good,
Providing for me clothing, wealth and food.

Tho' I am e'er so wicked, base and vile,
They will be merciful and on me smile;
Therefore I'll cause them all the grief indeed,
That can from base ingratitude proceed.

Can love for children such effects produce,
Can tender mercy cause them to abuse
The heart from whence those mighty blessings flow,
And plunge it into everlasting woe?

The mighty God who reigns in heav'n above,
Displays to all his tenderness and love,
He wills that we his precepts should obey,
Walk in a righteous and a godly way.

'Tis not for his, but for our sake alone,
He has commanded us all vice to shun,
To bless our foes and love our enemies,
And walk in paths of virtue, truth and peace.

Whenever we his precepts disobey,
A heavy judgment follows us straightway;
Thus peace we can't enjoy while in this land,
For sin and misery go hand in hand.

Then shall we strive on earth to build a hell,
Go on in vice, against our God rebel?
Be chain'd to Satan, strife and misery,
Because in future worlds we shall be free?

Shall we our God despise, neglect and slight
Who kindly watches o'er us day and night,
Regards us here with purest, tenderest love,
Then calls us home to rest with him above?

Why need a man to tremble, dread and fear
The awful threatenings which we daily hear,
Who loves his God with all his strength and might,
And serves him willingly both day and night.

No wonder these who're wickedly inclin'd
To walk in Satan's ways and hurt mankind,
In awful fear of hell's tormenting woe
Should trembling stand, since God their motive know.

To walk with God, O, 'tis a cross indeed,
They would give millions, from it to be freed,
'Tis that which makes them constantly to cry
Would God forgive, I'd steal, drink, cheat and lie.

Wherein, vain man, are you more just than those
Who riot, drink, game, cheat and fight their foes,
Since you confess, all this you'd freely do,
Were you not fearful vengeance would pursue.

Will God their prayers or homages e'er heed,
Who knows the cause from whence they do proceed?
Will he their good and righteous works regard,
Who claim for them a future good reward?

O may we from a better motive keep,
God's holy law and walk in mildness meek;
May purest love for God our actions sway,
Guide us to serve him, and his will obey.

Serious Reflections.

All nature is but Art, unknown to thee,
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
Alexander Pope.

Being of opinion that all things are for the best, and that they will finally terminate in good, to the eternal glory of that Being who created them in wisdom, power and love, and "who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will," it has ever been my utmost endeavor to reconcile my mind to the dispensation of his Providence, and to the various and strange vicissitudes of this transitory life.

That good is produced from what we consider as evil, it is evident from our own experience: Scripture also furnishes us with a sufficient proof

of it : witness the good that was produced from evil conduct of Joseph's brethren. "Ye meant it for evil," says Joseph, "but God meant it for good." Witness also, the wicked conduct of hard hearted Pharaoh, yet God declares, "for this same purpose have I raised thee up for to shew in thee my power, and that my name may be declared throughout all the earth." But above all, consider the great, the universal good produced from the wickedness of the vile executioner of our blessed Lord and Saviour. That their cruel conduct towards him, proceeded from the utmost spite and malice of which the wicked heart of man is capable, no one will pretend to dispute : for when they sought for something whereof to accuse him, they could find nothing. And that God intends that all nations, kindred and tongues, shall partake of the benefit of the sufferings and death of his Son, the scriptures every where testify. Those instances and many more which might be enumerated, are strong proofs that the divine Author of all things, (whether we consider them as good or evil) over-rules them all for the best. Yet I must acknowledge that, whilst endeavoring, with my weak and imperfect eyes, to discover the benefit arising from the various evils attendant upon this life which fall under my own observation, I am frequently led to say, with St. Paul, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out."

Amongst the various evils mankind are doomed to experience in this life, I think the doctrine of endless misery may be considered as not the least.

For when I behold the disagreeable effects it has on the minds of those who believe it, I cannot but view it as a great evil. It produces a great distrust of the mercies of God ; doubts, fears and misery ; and on the minds of some, it brings that horror, anguish and despair, which totally deprives them of reason and which has caused many to put an end to their own wretched lives.

Considering these evils and many others, resulting from the doctrine of endless misery, which are not only felt by those who believe it, but frequently affect and distress others, I have hitherto been much troubled to discover benefit enough arising therefrom, to overbalance these disagreeable effects. But as those who profess this doctrine, declare, that if God does not punish the wicked and disobedient with endless misery, but lets all mankind enjoy eternal life and never ending happiness, they should not consider themselves under any obligation or necessity to love and serve him : but would follow their own sinful inclination, and live in disobedience to his commands all their days. I think allowing they speak the truth, that the good which I have so much endeavored to find, is very evidently exhibited to view ; for if their propensities to evil are so strong, that the love of Christ is not sufficient to constrain them, then it must be for their own good, as well as for the peace and happiness of mankind at large, that they are restrained through fear.

I have been led more particularly to these observations, on reading a pamphlet entitled, "Universal Salvation Refuted ;" wherein the Author has asserted that "Universalism diminishes or takes

away the motive to virtue and religion." If the motive is fear of endless misery, 'tis true it takes that away. But if the Universalists are led by that spirit of love, which casteth out fear, to the exercise of charity, benevolence and good will towards their fellow creatures, and to serve, praise and adore their beneficent Creator, why need they fear a state of endless misery, allowing it is true?

If religion consists merely in forms and ceremonies, and an outward shew of holiness, I readily acquiesce in the opinion of this Author, that the Universalists possess but very little, for they are not very formal, neither are they fond of making a public display of their goodness: But if it consists in faith, love, charity, benevolence, humility, brotherly kindness, good will towards men, &c., candor will allow that they possess as great a share as Christians in general. And if they possess these Christian qualifications, which is the fruit of the spirit, of what consequence is it, if they do not imitate public professors of religion, in their forms and ceremonies. Christ says, "When thou prayest, be not as the hypocrites, who love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men: but when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and when thou doest thine alms do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues, and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. But let thy alms be in secret. Moreover, when ye fast, be not as the hypocrites of a sad counte-

nance ; for they disfigure their faces that they appear unto men to fast. But when thou fasteth annoint thine head, and wash thy face, that thou may appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in heaven, and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." And the Lord says, by the prophet Isaiah, "Is it such a fast that I have chosen ? a day for a man to afflict his soul ? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him ? Is not this the fast which I have chosen ; to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, find that ye break every yoke ? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor, that are cast out, to thy house ? when thou seest the naked that thou cover him," &c. Thus are we commanded not to make an ostentatious display of our pious deeds to gain the esteem of men. If any esteem it their duty to be ceremonial in performing their religious duties, I despise them not, neither do I esteem them the less; for I am perfectly willing that every one should be fully persuaded in his own mind, and worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience : but I could also wish that he that eateth might no more judge him that eateth not.

This Author has represented the doctrine of the universal love and benevolence of God to all mankind to be very dangerous indeed : and says he never knew it to make a Christian, or afford the least assistance to the morals of society; none are made better by it, but many are made worse; and that if the wicked are to be happy immediately on

leaving this world no one, who loves pleasure more than God, will be at any trouble or pains to repent.

Now, I would ask if there are any who have more pleasure in wickedness, and in the follies, and vanities of this world, than in religion, and the service of the Lord, tho' they pursue not those worldly pleasures, are they not as wicked in the sight of God as those who do? "For where their treasure is, there will their hearts be also."

As the time has not yet come, for all who possess the knowledge of the boundless love, wisdom and goodness of the Lord, and be thereby inspired to worship the only true God in spirit and in truth, I have no objection to any one's being led by fear of future punishment, to serve him, until the Lord shall see fit to open their eyes, and make known unto them the riches of his grace; that they may be furnished with a better motive to praise and adore his name, which I could sincerely wish that God might speedily grant.

They tell us also, that it is a very great cross to deny themselves, and to forsake the follies and vanities of this world, &c. But it is really a mystery that those who make such great professions of Christianity, and boast so much of the inexpressible happiness they experience in religion and in serving the Lord, setting it forth to be vastly superior to all worldly pleasures, and yet should consider it such an exceeding great cross to forsake those trifling and transitory pleasures, for such exquisite and lasting enjoyments. There is no condition however happy, but what is attended with difficulties and inconveniences in some respects, but I cannot imagine there is any cross to

take up, in quitting a less and transitory pleasure for a greater and more durable one; and I should suppose the galling chain and heavy yoke of Satan were much more heavy and irksome to bear, than the easy yoke and light burden of Christ.

That the followers of Jesus Christ, in the days of the Apostles, had an exceeding great cross to take up, it cannot be disputed ; for whenever they renounced the Jewish religion, their lives, their fame and their property were all at stake: indeed so very heavy was their cross, that it forced even Peter, to deny his Lord and Master, rather than submit to it. But how can it be deemed a cross, in this land of liberty to be a Christian, where every one has an undoubted right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience without the least disturbance or molestation.

Here are no wicked Priests nor superstitious bigots to persecute us, no cruel Herod to destroy our lives ; and no proud and haughty nobility to despise and treat us with scorn and derision ; but on the contrary, the Christian character is held in the highest estimation; while our wise and benevolent Rulers are endeavoring to their utmost, to promote the doctrine of Christianity, and to publish the gospel of glad tidings and great joy to all the people, that every one throughout this blest land may know the Lord, and be enabled to shout forth the praises of their great Redeemer. Being blest with such fine privileges and noble enjoyments, such peace and tranquility, how can our situation admit of the smallest comparison with that of the professors of Christianity in those days

of great tribulation and anguish, when Christ said, "whoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

Whilst we possess such inestimable blessings, ought we not to blush at the idea of complaining of the cross we have to bear, in following our Lord and Master? How can we complain of persecution, and of being despised, abused, &c.? Where is the Christian who conducts as a Christian ought, who is very cruelly or ill treated in this land of liberty and equality on account of his profession of faith? If we attempt to force any to believe as we do and to follow our customs and ceremonies, we must expect to meet with a repulse; for the laws of Christianity forbid us to tyrannize over one another. And if we seek merely for the esteem of men, we must look for disappointments and mortifications, for the Lord alone should be exalted in the hearts of men: Whenever we exalt ourselves, we must expect to be brought down into the valley of humiliation; for the pride and loftiness of man must be bowed down, and his haughtiness laid low. And if we judge, censure and condemn others, we must not take it amiss if we are treated in like manner; for Christ says, with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." But if we walk in humility, meekness, gentleness and forbearance, we shall not meet with much difficulty, but our paths will be strewn with peace and happiness will be our reward.

But although I think the cross, which Christians have to bear in these days, is very light, in com-

parison to that of former ages, yet I doubt not but they have a cross to take up, which is similar to it in some final degree. But as in the days of the Apostles, those who espoused the cause of poor miserable sinners and plead for their justification, through faith in Christ Jesus, had the greatest cross to take up, even so it is in these days. For however much those Christian denominations who believe in a limited salvation, disagree in their opinions and differ in their forms and modes of worship, yet they all agree in this respect, that sinners must all be punished with never ending misery: and thus all join together against those who believe in the unlimited grace and salvation of God: speaking all manner of evil against them, saying they encourage sin and wickedness, and uphold sinners in their guilt, by teaching that Christ suffered and died for the ungodly, and that he will not lose one soul which he bought with so great a price, but will finally see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. What can be more humiliating than to be ranked among the most profligate of men and the chiefest of sinners, whilst we are conscious that for millions of worlds we would not be guilty of their crimes. Ask the proud pharisee who trusts in himself that he is more righteous than others, and who has laid up a great store of good works, wherein are centered his hopes of eternal life, if he is willing to deny himself and part with all his store, and consider his own righteousness as nothing, or no better than filthy rags, and trust wholly in the righteousness of Christ for salvation; and he will tell you that for the world he would not relinquish the idea that he is more righteous, and

more beloved of his Creator than many of his fellow creatures, and thus forego the happiness he enjoys in believing that he shall fare better than they in another world.

The elder brother, after boasting of his own perfect obedience and faithfulness in the service of his father, was exceeding angry because his indulgent parent so kindly received his prodigal brother, after he had been so very wicked and disobedient. The pharisees, who fancied themselves to be the only righteous and chosen people of God, could not endure to see our Saviour shew so much favor and mercy to those whom they looked down upon, with contempt: but murmured, saying, this man receiveth sinners and eateth with them. Thus it is in these days: those who believe that the salvation of God is limited to a few righteous people, have such an exalted opinion of their own goodness, they imagine they are the only ones to whom it is confined, and cannot endure to hear a word spoken in behalf of those whom they call the wicked.

But I forbear to write any more upon this subject, trusting that the Almighty in his own due time, will open their eyes and bring their haughtiness down, and lay their pride low, that they may see and know that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and that he alone may be exalted in each of their hearts; I shall therefore conclude with a few words by way of exhortation.

Come all ye who are ignorant that the goodness of God leadeth us to repentance and his loving kindness causeth us to love, serve, and praise him. O, taste and see that the Lord is good, and know

that his tender mercies are over all his works, and no longer despise the riches of his goodness, his forbearance and long suffering toward us : slight not this vast ocean of love, this fountain of living waters; because the Lord hath said unto ALL, "come and drink freely of this fountain," and because the streams of mercy that flow therefrom, extend to the forgiving of transgression, to the releasing of prisoners, and to the liberating of the captives of Satan and even to the salvation of the chiefest of sinners. Behold this boundless love and goodness of God, which is so evidently displayed in all his works but which is more abundantly manifested in his Son Christ Jesus, whom he sent into the world, that the world through him might be saved : and no longer doubt, but let this be thy God, and see if thy whole soul will not incline to love him, and see also if his goodness will not lead thee to repentance. And if thou lovest him thou wilt endeavor to follow his example, for if thy God loveth, forgiveth and blesseth his enemies, thou also wilt love and forgive thine ; for how shalt thou hate and curse whom the Lord thy God loveth and blesseth. If he is merciful to the unrighteousness of men, thou also wilt be charitable towards them : If he blotteth out from his remembrance their sins and iniquities, wilt not thou also forget them ? If he imputeth not their trespasses unto them, wilt thou not cease to censure and condemn them ? If it is his will that all mankind shall be saved from their sins, wilt thou not desire the same and wish well unto all ? If he loveth the vilest of sinners, and views him on equal standing with thyself, will it not produce

humility in thee; for how shalt thou exalt thyself above another, seeing thy God hath equal love for all?

Again, we behold the goodness of God displayed towards us in his chastenings and corrections; even his severest chastisements flow from a fountain of the purest love. "For whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." "We have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days, chastened us after their own pleasure, but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness." For "how can a man be profitable unto God, as he that is wise may be profitable unto himself? Is it any pleasure to the Almighty that thou art righteous? or is it gain to him that thou makest thy ways perfect? Will he reprove thee for fear of thee? or will he enter with thee into judgment?" For if thou sinnest what doest thou against him? thy wickedness may hurt a man as thou art, and thy righteousness may profit the son of man.

Seeing, therefore, we can neither injure or benefit the Almighty by our bad or good deeds, but can only injure or benefit ourselves or mankind thereby, let us ever be careful to maintain those good and righteous works which are the most weighty and profitable unto men. Let us visit the sick, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and administer comfort and consolation to the fatherless and widow; love all mankind; be kind and charitable to all; forgiving one another, and doing

unto all men whatever we would that they should do unto us. These are the works which are good and profitable unto men ; they are also the works which declare our faith in God, and make manifest our love towards him. For if we only say that we have faith and that we love God, what doth it profit us or our fellow creatures ? for if we see a brother or a sister naked and destitute of daily food, and say unto them, "depart in peace, be ye fed and clothed," and administer not to their wants, what doth it profit?

He who loves God hates sin, therefore why should those who profess so much sincere love to God, be afraid to embrace this doctrine of universal salvation or free grace to all mankind, lest they should become more wicked, and commit more sin? surely they must have some relish for sin, some inclination to do wickedly, or they would not be afraid to embrace this covenant of grace, and to walk in that glorious liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, lest they should use this liberty for an occasion to the flesh? And if so, where is the sincerity of all their great professions and solemn protestations of the love of God?

But I earnestly pray that every one may be brought into this glorious liberty of the gospel, that they may *experimentally* know that the love of Christ constraineth us; and that there is no pleasure in vice; that real happiness is no where to be found, except in pure and undefiled religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Serious and Important Questions Answered from the Holy Scriptures.

Q. What is the will of God with regard to mankind?

A. That all men should be saved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth; (*a*) and having made known unto us the mystery of his will according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself, that in the dispensation of the fullness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in him. (*b*)

Q. Can the will of God be frustrated?

A. No. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. (*c*) All nations before him are as nothing; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity. (*d*) He hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. (*e*) He therefore worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. (*f*) He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? (*g*)

Q. For what purpose did God send his only begotten Son into the world?

A. God sent his Son to be the Saviour of the

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a, 1 Tim. ii. 4. *b*, Eph. i. 9, 10. *c*, Rom. xiii. 1. *d*, Isa. xi. 17. *e*, Isa. xl. 12. *f*, Eph. i. 11. *g*, Dan. iv. 35.

world, (*a*) to destroy the works of the devil, (*b*) and to save that which was lost; (*c*) to finish transgression and make an end of sin, (*d*) and through death to destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, (*e*) and to give eternal life to as many as the Lord hath given him. (*f*)

Q. How many hath the Lord given him?

A. The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand; (*g*) he hath given him power over all flesh. (*h*) He hath said unto him, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. (*i*) He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. (*k*) Yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him. (*l*)

Q. What is eternal life?

A. This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. (*m*)

Q. Will all mankind be blest with the knowledge of God?

A. Yes. For they shall not teach every man his neighbor and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know me from the least to the greatest; for I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more. (*n*)

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a, 1 John iv, 14. *b*, John 38. *c*, Matth. xviii, 11. *d*, Dan. ix, 4. *e*, Heb. ii, 14. *f*, John xvii. *g*, John iii, 3, 4. *h*, John xvii, 2. *i*, Psa. ii, 8. *k*, Psa. lxx, 8. *l*, Psa. lxii, 11. *m*, John xvii, 3. *n*, Heb. viii, 11, 12.

Q. But Christ saith, Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life; (*a*) and will they, even all, come and receive eternal life in him?

A. Yes. All that the Father giveth shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. For I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me; and this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. (*b*)

Q. Can any one enjoy the kingdom of God except he is born again?

A. No. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God. (*c*)

Q. What is the new birth?

A. Being born into the glorious liberty and spirit of the Gospel, turned from darkness to light, and from the power of satan unto God. (*d*)

Q. Will all mankind be blest with the new birth?

A. Yes. For in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees, well refined. And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations. (*e*) And all the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee. (*f*)

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a, John v, 40. *b*, John vi, 37, 38, 39. *c*, John iii, 3. *d*, Acts xxvi, 18. *e*, Isa. xxv, 6, 7. *f*, Psa. xxii, 27.

Q. But will not some remain in a state of misery to cry and groan to all eternity?

A. No. For the Lord God will wipe away all tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth, for the Lord hath spoken it. (*a*)

Q. And when will this be accomplished?

A. When the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. (*b*)

Q. Who are the ransomed of the Lord?

A. All mankind. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. (*c*)

Q. But will not some be punished with endless or eternal death, for their disobedience to the commands of God?

A. No. For the Lord will swallow up death in victory. (*d*) The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

Q. When will death be swallowed up in victory?

A. When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory, O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory! (*e*)

Q. Will not some remain in a state of enmity

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a, Isa. xxv, 8. *b*, Isa. xxxv, 10. *c*. 1 Tim ii, 5, 6.
d, Isa. ii, 5, 8. *e*, 1 Cor. xv. 54 and 55.

against God, and in opposition to his will and government, and blaspheme his holy name, to all eternity?

A. No. For thus saith the Lord, I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear, surely one shall say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. (*a*) And thus saith St. John the divine, every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying Blessing and honor, and glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever. (*b*)

Q. Will all these promises ever be fulfilled?

A. Yes. For God is not a man that he should lie, neither is he the son of man that he should repent. Hath he said and shall he not do it? Hath he spoken and shall he not make it good? (*c*)

Q. Will not the unbelief of some exclude them forever from the enjoyment of these promises?

A. No. For what if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid! Yea, let God be true but every man a liar. (*d*) For God hath concluded them all in unbelief that he might have mercy upon all. (*e*)

Q. The Scripture saith the wages of sin is death, and that death is passed upon all men, for that all have sinned; (*f*) and will not the greatest

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a, Isa. xlv, 23, 24. *b*, Rev. v. 13. *c*, Num. xxiii, 19. *d*, Rom. iii, 3, 4. *e*, Rom. ix, 32. *f*, Rom. vi, 23, and 5, 12.

part of mankind remain in this state of sin and death to all eternity?

A. No; For in this seed (which is Christ) shall all families of the earth be blessed; (*a*) therefore as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men unto condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life; (*b*) and as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. (*c*)

Q. Is it not an erroneous and very wicked opinion, to believe that Christ shall save the ungodly?

A. No; for he that believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. (*d*)

Q. Will the chiefest of sinners be saved?

A. Yes. This is the faithful saying, and worthy of acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. (*e*)

Q. Is it right to hold forth the salvation of sinners through faith in Christ Jesus to every one?

A. Yes. Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; (*f*) Which is good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. (*g*)

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a, Gen. xxviii, 14. *b*, Rom. v. 18. *c*, 1, Cor. xv, 22, *d*, Rom. iv, 5. *e*, 1 Tim. i, 15. *f*, Mark xvi, 15. *g*, Luke ii, 10.

REMARKS

It has been observed by some who do not justly comprehend the meaning of the word salvation, that Universalists expect sinners will be saved in their sins: which is an impossibility. For as a drowning man must be rescued from the watery flood which overflows him, in order to be saved from death, so the sinner must be delivered from the flood of sin and corruption, in which he is overwhelmed or it is no salvation at all. Thus we may with as much propriety, speak of a drowning man being saved in the water, as of a sinner being saved in his sins. "To be carnally minded is death;" thus in order to be saved from death, we must be saved from carnal mindedness. That we cannot possibly be happy in a state of sin and iniquity, the scriptures everywhere testify. Experience, likewise, daily teaches us the undeniable truth of the same. Thus, God in his infinite mercy hath sent his Son to bless us, in turning us from our iniquities: and if there are any who are so righteous in their own eyes, as to believe they need not a salvation from their sins, but imagine they are fit to enter directly into the kingdom of God without any other change then what they have already experienced, I pity their delusion: "for if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." For God hath concluded all under sin! Now we all know, the more perfect we are, the nearer we approach to God, and consequently the more happiness we enjoy. But that the all wise Creator ever yet designed that we should be entirely perfect whilst we retain these

mortal bodies we have not sufficient evidence to believe, since perfection never yet was found on earth, except in the Son of God himself, to whom was given the spirit without measure, and in whom our righteousness is found; he being the head of every man, and we are all members of his body.

"Come, let us go and search Bethpeor's grave,
Where Moses rests, that meekest man of God;
Next visit ancient Hebron's rock form'd cave,
By Sarah's silent footsteps earlier trod.

"Next search the globe, and in this grand review,
Of death's broad phalanx riding into light;
Dare to pronounce this form no failing know,
And that was perfect in Jehovah's sight.

"Bold, weak attempt, 'tis not in Adam's race,
'Twas not him secure from ills to stand:
Eve's fairest daughters need the robe of grace,
And Adam's gold the great refiner's hand."

EXHORTATION

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity: Let us therefore live in love and unity one with another; for love is of God: and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him." When we behold the infinite love of God so clearly set forth in the scriptures, and so evidently dis-

played in all the works of his hands, shall we presume to set bounds to the same? shall we "limit the holy one of Israel," and circumscribe infinity itself? To whom shall we presume to say his love doth not extend, or that his mercy doth not reach? For lo! "He is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." Although he pursueth the ungodly with vengeance and causeth his severe judgments to overtake the wicked, yet "he retaineth not his anger forever because he delighteth in mercy;" "neither will he be always wroth, for the spirit should fail before him, and the souls which he hath made:" and though he visits our transgressions with the rod, and our iniquities with stripes, yet he chasteneth us "for our profit that we may be partakers of his holiness." Seeing the love and goodness of our heavenly parent is so great towards us, O may we not be so ungrateful for these blessings as to neglect the duties we owe him and our fellow mortals; May we "be diligent in well doing;" and "let us not love in word, nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth." Let us endeavor to love and to pray for our enemies, remembering that whilst we were yet enemies, in due time Christ died for us. Behold the sufferings and distresses our Saviour hath endured for our sakes: Behold him groaning, bleeding, dying upon the cross, to purchase for us everlasting peace and salvation. Behold him friendless and alone in the midst of his vile enemies: and O! hear him, in the height of his extreme agony in tender mercy and pitying love, imploring pardon for his enemies, saying, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Let us

therefore endeavor as far as we are able to imitate this glorious example of pardoning mercy, and boundless charity. For although we have all faith so that we could remove mountains, and though we bestow all our goods to feed the poor, and give our bodies to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth us nothing. But O, let not this be our charity, to judge, censure and condemn every one to eternal perdition, whose religious tenets are not perfectly congenial to our own; and whose articles of faith and modes of worship do not exactly correspond with ours; for thus saith our glorious pattern of mercy and charity, "If any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not, for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."

May we be enabled to worship our heavenly father "in spirit and in truth:" for pure and undefiled religion consists not in idle forms and vain ceremonies. Neither does it consist in afflicting our souls, and spreading sackcloth and ashes under us, bowing the head like a bulrush, lengthened and disfigured faces, solemn countenances, praying often before men, and trumpeting forth our goodness in all our places of public worship. These traits belong not to the Christian religion, they are the habiliments of the hypocrite and the Pharisee: and the same which Jesus Christ used so frequently to reprove in them. And shall we who pretend to be called by his name assume the detestable and filthy garb? May God forbid. But wholly let us lay aside these nauseous and tattered garments of self-righteousness: banish prejudice, superstition and bigotry, and pursue these things only which make for peace. Let us do justly,

love mercy and walk humbly with our God. But be not this our humility, to "thank God we are not as other men are; extortioners, unjust, &c.;" nor to say to our neighbor "stand by thyself for I am holier than thou." Nor above all, to imagine in our hearts, that we have power to "frustrate heaven's high design!" and overthrow the eternal will and purpose of the HIGH AND LOFTY ONE, who inhabiteth ETERNITY!!!

For O! is not this the summit of human pride; and presumption in the superlative degree!! May this then be our humility, to acknowledge (not in word only, but in our hearts) that we are sinners; and to believe also, that "we are not sufficient of ourselves, to think any thing as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God."

I must now address a few words to my young friends and companions: Let us listen attentively to the voice of wisdom, and cheerfully obey her instructions. Let us attend carefully to those good works, which are "good and profitable unto men." May we remember our Creator, in the days of our youth; and earnestly seek for that pure and undefiled religion, that knowledge of the love and goodness of God, and that faith in the final fulfillment of all his gracious promises, which alone can secure to us that peace and consolation which the world can neither give nor take away. But let us not deceive ourselves, and think we have found religion, merely because we have learned a few forms and ceremonies of those who profess religion, and can say over a few words often repeated by them. But let us diligently search our own hearts, and see

if we can find the witness there: and if we can there discover the fruit of the spirit, which is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance, it will afford us sufficient evidence that we are influenced by the spirit of God. Thus we need not apply to the experiences of others, to know if we possess the "one thing needful." For hereby know we that we dwell in God and he in us, because he hath given us of his spirit. We know also that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. And should we be so blest as to find that we possess a measure of the spirit of God, which leadeth us to the exercise of religion, we need not proclaim it abroad by the sound of the trumpet; our works will soon make it manifest: for by our works we shall be known. But if some do not believe that we possess religion, because we do not make a public profession, it cannot diminish the joy we experience in it; for pure religion seeks not for the praise and glory of men. But whatever blessings we enjoy, let us not vaunt ourselves over others, but humbly acknowledge with grateful hearts the unbounded goodness of him who hath so mercifully bestowed them on us. Surely we have no occasion of boasting over any one, seeing that we possess nothing that we did not receive from him who is the giver of all good.

Let us therefore be humble, and endeavor to pursue the paths of peace, and to walk in the straight and narrow way. And whenever we discover any going on in vice and wickedness, and walking in the broad road, in search of happiness, let us pity their weakness and folly, and mistaken

ideas of bliss, and endeavor if possible, to restore them in the spirit of meekness; "considering ourselves lest we also be tempted." For if we had their temptations, we might perhaps do equally as bad, or even worse than they.

"Mercy to other's failings show,
"As you would be forgiven;
"The best man's lot, alas, were woe,
"Was mercy not in heaven."

May every blessing attend you, which can contribute in the least, both to your temporal and spiritual welfare. May the God of peace be with you always. May you be patient in tribulation, remembering that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and that these afflictions which are sent for our profit, are but short, but the joys which will soon upon dawn upon us, are of an endless duration.

I cannot expect to enjoy your society but a little longer in this world, but trust we shall meet again in those blest mansions of bliss, where pain and sorrow durst not invade, and where parting is no more.*

*This address she finished the day before her death.

REV. THOMAS BARNES.*

A memoir of the Rev. Thomas Barnes was written and compiled by his daughter, Mrs. Levisa Buck, and was published in 1856. The book contains letters from many of those who profited by the ministrations of this great and good man, the first preacher of the Universalist faith in the state of Maine. The following is taken from a letter written by the Rev. Sebastian Streeter:

"Indeed so long as he lived, I could not hear that meek and toil-worn man speak, without the deepest emotion; nor could I look upon him without feelings of the most profound veneration, a sort of idolatrous homage Still to a stranger, or to any ordinary hearer, there was nothing uncommon, nothing peculiarly attractive about him. Mine, however, was no ordinary case. Through his instrumentality I had been made the recipient of a faith the most invaluable and rapturous conceivable. Hence everything which appertained to him, tended to awaken within me a spirit of intense enthusiasm of feeling. The very form of the man; the language he employed: the intonations of his voice,—everything, indeed, which he said or did, possessed a charm which was wanting in every other clergyman who fell in my way.

"He was a man of principle; of sound morals; of pure and undefiled religion; and this fact, so honorable to him as a citizen, a Christian, and a

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*In the original volume by Lucy Barnes, "e" is not used in the name. Later usage has inserted the "e," and thus it is printed in the memoir of Thomas Barnes, and is so written by descendants.

Christian minister, gradually spread abroad in the community. Its circumference became wider and still wider, till it obtained a general notoriety. A complete victory in his favor was won. His position in society was reversed. Confidence in him took the place of distrust. Contumely and criminations were succeeded by admiration and enconium. The habitual purity of his life was irresistible. It rolled back the mighty tide of opposition which during the earlier periods of his ministry, set so powerfully against him.

"God spared his life till the lip of detraction was everywhere silenced, and the voice of commendation everywhere heard. Of him, as of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, it may be truly said, 'He fought a good fight. He kept the faith.' He completed a noble work. He 'finished his course with joy.' Full of years and of fame, he sank into an honored grave. There, as age after age shall roll by, let his ashes repose in peace. 'He is dead, but yet he speaketh.' In the memory of the wise and good, he still lives, and will live forever. Thousands on thousands, through the lapse of successive generations, will 'rise up, and call him blessed.'"

In 1814, the disorder commenced which terminated the life of Mr. Barnes. It was a disease of the heart, and was pronounced incurable by the physicians soon after its commencement. This information was received with all the composure to be expected from a person of his religious contemplation, and firm reliance on the promises of God. He proceeded to regulate his temporal affairs, and conversed familiarly with his family

concerning his departure; and the last meetings he had with his several societies, he seemed to be impressed with the opinion that he should meet with them no more.

He was enabled to fulfill his appointments, by preaching even to the last Sabbath before his death, when he paid his last visit to his society at Freeport, Maine, and died very suddenly the following Thursday, October 3rd, 1816, aged 66 years.

His family consisted of three sons and five daughters. Our book has mention of four of the daughters. The fifth was Polly Barnes Blackmar, who was grandmother of Wilmon W. Blackmar, of Boston, Mass., commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, 1904-1905.

Letter from the late Rev. Hosea Ballou of Boston.

My acquaintance with the Rev. Thomas Barnes was not very extensive. I remember when I was quite young, he called at my father's house in Richmond, N. H., in company with a Mr. Jewel, who was an advocate of the doctrine of Universalism, as well as Mr. Barnes. They called on my father to converse with him on the subject of their different views of doctrine. As my father was the minister of the Baptist Church in Richmond, I was sensible at the time, that the two Universalists differed widely from my father, who did not appear at all pleased with their arguments; but I was too young to understand the points on which they disputed, or the merits of their arguments. I have no recollection of ever seeing Brother Barnes again until I was engaged in the ministry

the faith of which he was a professor and preacher. The opportunities which we enjoyed together were not many; but were always favorably esteemed and profitably improved. They were considered as opportunities in which the elder might instruct the younger, and the latter to give assurance to the former that his kindness was appreciated.

In the little circle of the preachers of Universalism at the early date to which I refer, Brother Barnes was esteemed as one of the first for strength of mind, for extensive acquaintance with the Scriptures, for ease in speaking and force in argument. In the wider circle of believers in the impartial Gospel of the Lord Jesus, Brother Barnes' labors were much sought and highly prized; nor was he less esteemed for his integrity, honesty, and general moral character, than for his ministerial talent. REV. HOSEA BALLOU.

A short time previous to the death of Rev. Hosea Ballou he mentioned a fact worthy of some notice: "That the first writings by a female on Universalism published in the United States were written by Miss Lucy Barnes."

The superintendent of Pine Grove Cemetery, Norway, Maine, sends a copy of the inscription on the Barnes monument:

Rev. Thomas Barnes, Preacher of Universalist grace, who died in Poland, October 3, 1816, aged 66 years.

This Monument erected by the Universalists of Maine, as a token of respect for his great moral and Christian worth, in 1861.

Mary, his wife, died December 8, 1861, aged 75 years.

Children of Rev. Thomas Barnes as recorded on the monument:

Reuben, died Jan. 27, 1807, aged 29 years.
Lucy, died Aug. 27, 1807, aged 27 years.

The monument is on one of the best lots in the cemetery. It is a marble monument with granite base. The lot is well cared for by the friends of the late Thomas Barnes.

LEVISA BARNES BUCK.

Levisa Barnes Buck, the youngest of the Barnes family, was born in 1788. Her childhood home was in Woodstock, Conn., of which she writes: "The only meeting house was the Congregational. Of theology I had no comprehension. I was taught at home of an Infinite Being, Creator of all things, revealed in the Bible as a God and Father of love; that His laws are perfect and that our happiness consisted in obedience to these laws; that salvation consists in a state of holiness and happiness which would be the final destiny of all mankind. These sentiments were so firmly impressed on my mind and heart that, young as I was, I felt abundant joy in the belief. I was eleven years old when my father removed to the District of Maine. We were surrounded by Methodists who were very bitter in their denunciation of our belief. I was very happy at home in domestic occupations and in nursing an invalid sister, which was a labor of love. But in the midst of present

enjoyment and dreams of the future came the death of this sister Lucy. It seemed my grief was greater than I could bear. After weeks of sickness, I was restored to health and a more perfect reconciliation to the will of God."

Levisa Barnes Buck was well educated for the times. She was an excellent grammarian and had a fine taste in English literature, which she spared no pains to impress upon her children who went from home well grounded in the elements of a good education. They were taught to attend the meeting house, no matter what doctrine was preached.

Mrs. Buck was well known to the Universalists of Maine. For thirty or more years she contributed articles, both prose and verse, to the Gospel Banner. She was an able advocate of our Faith. She will be gratefully remembered as writing the memoir of her father, Rev. Thomas Barnes. She versified the books of Job and Psalms. It was her chief delight to converse on the sublime subject of God's impartial grace through Jesus Christ. She attended the religious meetings, going long distances on horseback, entertaining ministers at her home, consoling mothers who had lost children and were tormented with the fear that they were suffering in endless punishment. At State Conventions she met people from all parts of the State who loved and respected her and were sad at the thought that they would never see her cheerful countenance again. Mrs. Buck, the last of the family of Thomas Barnes, passed away in 1867.

Her intellect was clear, her soul all alive to the cause of the Redeemer to the last. It was truly

said, "A Mother in Israel has departed." She left seven children, two sons and a daughter in California, one daughter in Massachusetts, two sons and a daughter in Maine, thirty grand-children, seven great-grand-children, all of whom could rise up and call her blessed.

The poems "Seventy-Seven Years," and "Prayer —Have Mercy, Lord," were written by Mrs. Buck.

Seventy-Seven Years.

A long time to live to years SEVENTY-SEVEN,
But God has old age unto many given,
Then may we in faith and humility own
What he in his mercy to us has made known.

As God by his kindness and love to him draws,
We can but remember that he is the cause
Of man's being placed in this region below,
So moved with iniquity, anguish and woe.

And why should man suffer? (this question will rise)
When God is all infinite as he is all wise,
And why should man taste of this bitter and gall?
And why should temptation his footsteps enthrall?

Man, *infinite* wisdom cannot comprehend,
To infinite knowledge can never ascend;
Yet faith in the gospel to him can be taught,
If through Jesus our Saviour this knowledge is sought.

Then let us seek earnestly and we shall find
Grace for th' despairing and eyes for the blind.
Let us praise and worship the Eternal One,
Who gave us *all things* in Christ his dear Son.

No clouds are so deep but a sweet ray of light
Is discerned through the gloom and the darkness of night,
And this will increase until we behold
The last wandering sinner brought back to the fold.

Prayer—Have Mercy, Lord.

Have mercy, Lord, our constant prayer,
In accents deep and wild,
With more an utterance of d spair
Than of a trusting child.

Have mercy, Lord, while Northern blood
Drenches the Southern shore,
And tears of anguish like a flood
From wives and mothers pour.

Have mercy, Lord, and wilt thou turn
Hearts from this battle strife
That men may thy forgiveness learn
Nor take each other's life.

Have mercy, Lord, we cry so oft
In this sad judgment day;
May thy still voice so sweet and soft
Make answer while we pray.

Hasten the day, bring forth the hour
When all this war shall cease,
O, come with thy Almighty power
And once more give us peace.

L. B.

SALLY DUNN.

From "Our Woman Workers."

Sally Barnes Dunn, another of the remarkable daughters of the Rev. Thomas Barnes, was born in Woodstock, Conn., in the year 1783. She was the ablest woman advocate of our faith, of her times, and a royal mother in Israel. Rev. A. Dinsmore, who married one of her daughters says: "The first time I ever saw her was at a convention in 1827, at Livermore, Maine, and my attention was particularly drawn to her on account of her majestic appearance, rapt manner, and the earn-

est attention she was giving to the speaker, who was the lamented Russell Streeter. As soon as the meeting was dismissed I saw at once by the affectionate title by which she was called by old and young, clergy and laymen, 'Mother Dunn,' that she was a favorite among the people." There was no woman in all that region more widely known and respected, and her influence in establishing our church was as great in Maine at that time as that of any of our ministers.

In appearance Mrs. Dunn was a queenly Quaker, and one friend said of her,—"as a hostess she was charming. At my coming, in her extended hand I always felt her heart throbs." Knowing this, no one can be surprised that their home was the rendezvous of clergy, philanthropists, and literary people. Mrs. Dunn became the mother of thirteen children, five sons and eight daughters. They all took honorable positions in society, and reverenced her memory with sweet and tender recollections.

LYDIA BARNES BATES

Lydia Barnes, one of the daughters of the Rev. Thomas Barnes, was married to Jacob Bates. They emigrated westward to the Mohawk Valley in New York State, and lived near Little Falls.

Particularly touching is a farewell letter written by Lucy Barnes to her sister Lydia on the occasion of their first parting at the time of the marriage of Lydia. The letter is still preserved by Mrs. S. L. Cutler, a daughter of Mrs. Levisa Buck.

Rachel Bates, a daughter of Jacob and Lydia

Bates, was married to Bryant White in the early part of the nineteenth century. Soon after their marriage, Mr. White pushed forward into the unbroken wilderness, and took up land about thirty miles west of the present city of Rochester. In the middle of winter he brought his wife and all their belongings on a sled from the Mohawk to the Genesee valley. Here they built their log cabin, raised their children in the Universalist faith, and in fullness of years, passed to their reward.

LUCINDA WHITE BROWN.

Lucinda White Brown is a native of the grand old Empire State. She was born in Barre, Orleans county, New York, December 11, 1822, the fourth child of Bryant and Rachel Bates White. She early learned to do the practical things that farm life demands, and her helpfulness and cheerfulness made her the indispensable one of the home. Her naturally religious spirit led her to unite with the Universalist church, and her devotion to its interests has been life-long. Teaching school in neighboring counties, her circle of friends soon widened. Among them she became known as the "Maid of Orleans."

In 1845 while attending a Universalist association near Aurora forty miles from home, Miss White met Rev. John Stanley Brown, a minister of her own denomination. Mr. Brown fell promptly in love with the bright young school teacher. He received permission to visit her at her home. At the close of the visit Mr. Brown asked the

privilege of addressing a letter to her. Miss White with that prudence which never forsakes her said, "Wait, a month." His first letter began with these words, "four weeks with their lights and shadows have gone since that memorable visit to your rural home." His suit prospered, and on June 30, 1846, J. Stanley Brown and Lucinda White were united in spirit and in truth. It was a marriage of like unto like. The ideals of husband and wife were of that truest, highest, holiest type that makes the home a paradise. In 1852, Mr. Brown was invited to the Universalist church at Taunton, Massachusetts. Here they lived until 1854 when Mr. Brown fell ill. He partially recovered and in the winter of '54 returned to his mother's home in Richmond, Ontario county, N. Y. A relapse followed and on March 23, 1855 he passed away. In all these years of widowhood one face, one spirit has ever been in the thought of our friend, her dear "Brownie."

In October, 1855, Mrs. Brown made a trip to Europe, spending a large part of the time in Italy, and returned in the following May. She taught a private school in Taunton, remaining there four years. Her own words written in a letter several years ago best describe her work. "In 1859 I left dear New England to care for my mother in her last sickness. She died at the age of sixty-three. I taught private school at Perry, New York, nearly two years, when I was invited to Clinton Liberal Institute, where I remained thirteen years, one year in the ladies' seminary, the rest in the male department. During the second term the measles broke out, and then I was pro-

moted from a common teacher to a motherly nurse and friend." From Clinton Aunty Brown went to Holyoke Mass., where she taught several years in an orphan school for boys. In 1878 Aunty Brown came to Akron and until the winter of 1904, lived in the house known as the "Old Shoe," which has since been torn down.

At one of the "baked bean banquets" held in Aunty Brown's house by students of Buchtel College, Rev. William Couden, at that time a student, gave a toast to the "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," but modernized the version, saying:

"There was an Old Woman who lived in a Shoe,
She had many children, but she knew just what to do."

From that day Aunty Brown's home became known as "the Old Shoe." In this little unpretentious home Mrs. Brown lived for twenty-seven years. For as many years has "the Old Shoe" been the home of scores of students, who, dependent upon their own resources, were endeavoring to obtain an education. Much might be said of Aunty Brown's charitable work carried on in her own quiet way. Doing deeds of kindness has been her lifework. Quietly, simply, has Aunty Brown been practicing the precepts of the Master.

AUNTY BROWN'S BOYS.

MY SUMMER VACATION—1862.

I was but a little girl when I read the book in my pioneer home in Orleans county, New York, called "The Female Christian, or Familiar Letters and Poems," by Lucy Barnes. Books were few. Poems were committed to memory, like verses in

the Bible, daily repeated and never forgotten. The first poem in the book and the one on Friendship were my favorites, and all through life, like a prayer to go to sleep on. Our ancestors, on all sides, were mostly named from the Bible, which helped the children to study the Best Book.

Our Mother Rachel told us about the Barnes family, and of her grandfather, a Universalist Bible preacher. Her parting words to one of my brothers leaving home was, "Don't forget to practice some of the *Barnes' benevolence.* The heart benevolent and kind, the most resembles God." In my school reader I had learned this couplet and put with mother instruction and example —a talisman of faith and strength from youth to age, "Train up a child in the way he should go." Thus, all my days have been blest and happy, and the word *benevolence* has been a guide to duty all the years.

Time passed swiftly—childhood, youth and *sweet* home life—all steps heavenward. Then a shadow passed over my way and the wide world has been my home, the human race my neighbors, just fifty years. Above the clouds the sun still shone, peace and comfort continued, love and the spirit of Benevolence prevailed and abounds in the world today.

In 1862, I left my school home at Clinton Liberal Institute, Clinton, New York, for a visit to my Barnes ancestry in New England. Passing over the ride down the Hudson, across Long Island sound, on to Boston, and by boat to Bangor, Maine, I went on to Old Town and Upper Stillwater. My Aunt Levisa Barnes Buck's home was with her son

Joshua in Stillwater. A brother Moses lived near. They took me to see the great gang mills and the noted boom floats on the Penobscot of which they had charge. Moses and his daughter gave me a long ride to Moosehead Lake and Mt. Kineo, or Flint Mountain, stopping over night among the scenes of their early home. At Bangor church came the parting of the young soldiers, with their Bibles and good byes, to serve in their country's peril. Aunt Levisa's Prayer, printed on another page, was written for that service.

At Waterville lived Reuben Barnes Dunn, son of Sally Dunn, where some of his family still reside. With them I attended Waterville College Commencement. For the first time I saw the pipe of peace smoked by students. R. B. Dunn at one time owned and worked the largest scythe factory in the world, which he took me by carriage to see.

My longest, best visit in the Pine Tree State was with Aunt Levisa Buck, the memory of whose brave Christian life has made life easier and better for me. In Boston lived Cousin Joseph Blackmar —father of W. W. Blackmar—of whom Rev. J. Minot Savage wrote: "I do believe that he was one of the noblest souls that ever walked God's earth." His noble wife was a faithful companion in all sacrifices for the uplifting of humanity.

And so I conclude that my benevolent Barnes ancestry on the rock bound coast of New England a hundred years ago, lived as truly natural, simple, Christian lives as Charles Wagner in his "Simple Life" would have us live today.

L. W. B.

The Sacrament.

It is the holy sunset hour,
And blessed memories come
To fill my heart with hallowed power
And chase away the gloom.

I gaze upon the fair June sky,
And list the robin's song;
I note the tread of passers by,
A quiet Christian throng.

One form of all the train I knew,
I watched it out of sight,
And joyed it bore brave heart and true,
Devoted to the right.

Around the table of our Lord,
It bowed in silent prayer,
And sought in Christ, the living Word
A meet acceptance there.

What is it to remember him
Who gave his precious blood
To save an erring world from sin
And help it on to God?

It is to love in heart and deed
And not in word and tongue
To reverence truth and not a creed
And fear to do a wrong.

To keep the body ever pure
Meet dwelling for the soul.
To seek the virtues that endure
While endless ages roll.

Lord, help thy humble followers now,
To find a heaven below;
As we renew our sacred vow,
New strength and grace bestow.

L. W. B.

Sunday Evening, June 2, 1872.

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